

Make Me Pretty by ohmybgosh

Series: [this could be the place](#) [4]

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btw, steve goes to college au

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Summary:

Billy gives Steve a makeover one night, and another night Steve gets his revenge.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

- For [matrimus](#).

For you :) <3

“Hold still, Harrington,” Billy growled, after Steve squirmed again.

Steve huffed in annoyance and crossed his arms. He stop fidgeting on the stool and Billy moved in again.

“Close your eyes,” he commanded. Steve grimaced but did so, wrinkling his nose in that way he always did when he was irritated or particularly uncomfortable. Billy found it endearing.

“I still don’t get why there has to be eyeliner,” Steve grumbled. He twitched when Billy leaned in to artfully smudge the thin black line he’d just drawn.

“It’s part of the look,” he said.

Steve grumbled something that sounded like “fuck your look” and Billy laughed.

“Can’t have you going to your first college party looking like a fucking schoolboy.” He gently grasped Steve’s chin, lifting it up to get a better look.

“Technically I am a schoolboy.” Steve cracked one eye open. “Are you done yet?”

Billy grinned. “Yeah, princess, I’m done.”

Steve jumped from the stool, pushing past Billy to stand in front of the body length mirror leaning against the wall, beside the Queen poster they’d taped up a week ago.

Billy watched Steve turn this way and that in front of the mirror, making faces at his reflection.

"I look like an idiot," he said, spinning around to glare at Billy. Billy's grin widened. He'd done well, he thought.

Steve did look very strange, not like his Steve at all, but damn. Billy had dug through Steve's clothes, which now lay haphazardly around the dorm room, hanging off the bedposts of the twin-size mattress and in heaps across the floor. He had searched until he reached the very bottom of the pile, pulling out a dark pair of jeans. Steve had protested, saying those hadn't fit him since freshmen year of high school and made his ass look like it was vacuum-packed, to which Billy replied "that's the point."

Steve didn't have any shirts that fit the look - even his plain black t-shirts had little animals embroidered to the crisp front pockets. So Billy had forced him into one of his own, one of his favorites - dark red button-down that almost looked black in low light. It was a little big; on Billy it clung to his arms in all the right places, fit his sculpted chest perfectly, whereas Steve, much thinner, looked a little like he was swimming in it.

Billy had tried tucking it in, which helped a bit, but he knew it wouldn't last long. Steve was a fucking disaster when he was drunk; he thought he was a killer on the dance floor, he talked up a storm to anyone who'd listen, he always spilled his drinks, and he frequently disappeared throughout the night.

Which could, Billy admitted, be stressful at times. At the last party they'd gone to, a full on rager at some senior's place on graduation night, Steve had gotten so plastered. Billy spent most of the night trailing behind Steve as he flitted in and out of people, taking sips of god knows what they offered him and throwing out compliments at every girl who passed him. At the end of the night Billy started to panic, because it had been 20 minutes and he couldn't find his damn boyfriend. He finally found him, sitting on the wooden staircase, talking to two girls Billy didn't know. "But you're beautiful," he was saying earnestly, his speech slurred. "No, serious, you are so beautiful and Rob is a fucking dick for leaving you." He spotted Billy, grabbed his hand and yanked him down. "You need one of these! He is a *giant* dick, but a really sweet one."

Billy didn't mind. He loved every fucking bit of Steve, and he

especially loved Drunk Steve because Drunk Steve was like a rambling, unfiltered version of Sober Steve, and Steve's unfiltered thoughts were the funniest goddamn things.

"You look hot as hell," Billy said honestly. He took Steve's hand, pulling him in close and wrapping his arms around his waist.

He kissed Steve then, hard, his pulse thrumming in his ears, one hand gripping the back of Steve's neck, the other sliding down behind Steve to grip a handful of soft red fabric at the small of his back. Steve made a startled sound, but after a moment met Billy with the same intensity.

Billy, who knew exactly what and was proud of the things he could do with his tongue, kissed Steve with utter intensity. It was something he was really good at, and his favorite sport was seeing how many sounds he could get Steve to make, and how long it'd take before Billy got Steve all Hot and Bothered.

Steve moaned when Billy nipped at his lower lip. Billy, pants already uncomfortably tight, started walking them backwards, until his calves hit the side of the tiny bed. He sat, knees far apart, and Steve followed, crowding in front of Billy, hands on his shoulders.

Billy smiled. His fingers found their way around Steve's hips and down to cup his ass, which, Billy was proud, looking fucking incredible in those too-tight jeans.

"You're gorgeous," he breathed, looking up at Steve, feeling his mouth fall open slightly. He told Steve this a lot, and it wasn't like Steve needed to hear it; it was more that Billy was so amazed that Steve was real, that someone like Steve existed in the same world as Billy.

"You're just being nice," Steve said suspiciously. He poked Billy in the chest.

"I'm never nice," Billy said, and Steve frowned.

"You are," he murmured. He lifted his hand to cup Billy's cheek, giving Billy a look of such earnestly, such sincerity, that Billy felt his

heart actually fucking flutter in his chest and his cheeks felt warm and his fingers tingled. The first time this had happened, the first time Steve looked at him like this, with so much care and tenderness that Billy had never felt before, Billy knew he was wrecked, that he was falling in love with Steve Harrington.

He still felt that way, like he was falling in love every day, and it scared the shit out of him but it was also the most alive he'd ever felt, the happiest he'd ever been in his life as far as he could remember. And that didn't sound like much, because Billy couldn't actually recall ever being happy before, but being with Steve was worth so much, because Steve stepped into Billy's life and made it confusing as hell and scary as shit but also ten thousand times better.

"Why're you looking at me like that?" Steve asked, brows raising warily.

Billy shrugged. "Just wondering whether we should give you a gold or silver hoop. I think silver." He reached up to flick his own dangling earring, grinning up at Steve. "Whad'ya think, Harrington? Wanna match tonight?"

"Don't you fucking touch my ears," Steve warned, turning around to eye himself in the mirror again. He made a face, ran his fingers through his hair.

"It's alright," he admitted. He grinned at Billy in the mirror. "Next time it's my turn."

"No way in hell," Billy said confidently. He stood, wrapped his arms around Steve and rested his chin on Steve's shoulder.

Steve nodded seriously. "Oh yes. You're gonna wear khakis, and a polo. I might even have a sweater vest lying around somewhere, too."

2. Chapter 2

“Ok, you’re all set!” Steve’s voice was bright. Billy grimaced. He kept his eyes shut tight, because he was not ready to see this.

“Billy, you can open your eyes now.” He heard Steve move in front of him, felt the whoosh of air as Steve waved a hand in front of his face.

“I know,” Billy grumbled. He opened them slowly, blinking at his own reflection staring back at him. The Billy in the mirror looked aghast. Billy lifted a hand; his reflection did the same. This couldn’t be real.

“Steve,” he said quietly. Steve, over his shoulder, grinning broadly, said “yup!”

“What. The fuck. Is this.” It wasn’t a question; it was a warning. It was: get me out of these fucking clothes or so help me -

“It’s payback,” Steve said, and then, as if it had been building inside of his stomach like lava in a volcano, a great guffaw erupted from Steve and he doubled over, clutching his stomach.

“You look,” he wheezed, tears in his eyes, “so fucking stupid.”

Billy pounced, catching Steve, who looked like he was about to piss his pants, by surprise, knocking him back, the two of them crashing onto the tiny bed. Billy trapped Steve’s wrists and straddled his waist. Steve, the asshole, still laughed, head thrown back, shaking with mirth. Billy growled.

“You think this is funny, pretty boy?” He thought he sounded quite menacing. He made that face, the trademark “Billy Is Pissed” face, eyebrows pulled together, teeth bared. Steve, though, who had grown immune, took several gasping breaths, nodding his head.

“I think it’s hilarious.” He tried tugging one hand free, and Billy loosened his grip, freeing Steve’s hands and straightening. Steve wiped his eyes, sighing, that loud “ahhhh” which always came after a particularly good laugh.

Billy crossed his arms over his chest, frowning. "Yours wasn't this bad."

Steve pushed himself up on his elbows, cheeks pink, still grinning, but otherwise breathing normally.

"Mine was," he said. "Remember when that guy thought I was his girlfriend?"

Billy's lips twitched. When they'd gone out last time, Steve with his new makeover, to some frat house a few blocks away from Steve's dorm, a drunk kid at the party, seeing Steve facing away from him, standing in the kitchen, sidled up to him and slung one arm around his waist. Billy, a few feet away, about to do shots with the owner of the house, snapped his head up, slammed his glass down on the counter so hard it shattered, and stalked over, anger already boiling inside of him, fists clenched, getting ready to grab the guy and haul him out the front door. But before Billy could even reach them, the guy smiled hazily down at Steve, who looked up at him, completely confused. The guy's mouth fell open in shock and he stepped away, hands up in apology.

"Man, I'm so sorry," he slurred, shaking his head in bewilderment. "Thought you were my girlfriend from behind." He pointed to Steve's tight jeans. "Honestly, you've got the same ass."

Billy had thought this was a riot, and liked to bring it up every so often, to Steve's dismay. He supposed he did deserve payback, but Christ, not this. He climbed off of Steve, sitting on the edge of the bed with a huff, frowning at himself in the mirror.

It was bad. Steve hadn't let him look, not until it was done, and it was worse than Billy ever imagined.

Steve had crammed a long sleeve, mint green Ralph Lauren polo over his head. There was a fancy little pink horse stitched onto the front pocket. It was a teeny bit too tight in the chest and shoulders, but Steve made up for that with the cardigan - a navy blue, wool cardigan with red buttons and more goddamn chest pockets. Steve's sweater vests had all been too small for Billy, and Steve was devastated about that but Billy privately celebrated because he would

never wear argyle, not even if someone put it on him at his funeral. He'd come back as a ghost and haunt their ass, he was sure.

The beige pants were, well, beige pants, and Billy would rather go commando than be caught in khakis.

That wasn't all. There were the matching striped socks, which Billy thought was stupid, because no one could see his fucking ankles, but Steve insisted they were essential. And then the shoes.

Billy had never thought having the same size feet at Steve would be so detrimental. Billy wore boots, and Steve wore sneakers, after all, and Billy thought that there was never a need to cross streams on that. Yet here he was, Steve's crisp white Vans hanging out beneath the cuffs of the khakis.

"I hate this," Billy sighed. He glanced longingly at his earring, sitting on Steve's desk. That had been the first to go. His head felt unbalanced without it.

"Stop pouting, Hargrove." Steve sat up behind him and punched his shoulder lightly. "You look pretty cute, actually."

"Not pouting," Billy grumbled. "And I look like a fucking golf caddy." He sighed loudly. He knew defeat when he saw it, and tonight defeat was the look on Steve's face, wide smile, bright eyes, full of amusement, full of hope. "Fine, fine. Let's do this."

He stood, shrugging his shoulders uncomfortably, shifting from foot to foot. The sweater was itchy, and the sneakers felt weird, too flat. He glared at his reflection. He'd never worn so much pastel in his life.

Steve jumped up, his face alight with excitement. "You're really coming like that?"

"I said I would," Billy nodded seriously. "Now let's get the hell out of here before I change my mind."

Steve bounded for the door, grabbing Billy's hand, and pulling him out into the night.